

hot as molten lead, & as heavy too: God keepe lead out of me,  
I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my  
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my  
150. left alieue, and they are for the townes end, to beg their  
life: but who comes here?

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prin.* What, standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword,  
Many a noble man lyes starke and stiffe;  
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnredg'd. I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke  
Gregorie neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this  
day, I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:  
I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alieue, thou getst not  
my sword; but take my pistol if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, 't is hot, 't is hot, there's that will sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.*

*Prin.* What, is it a time to iest and dally now?

*He throwes the bottle at him.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alieue, ile pierce him, if he doe come  
in my way: so, if hee doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him  
make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir  
Walter hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, hon-  
our comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarms, excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John  
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too  
much, Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maestie, make vp,  
Least your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*King.* I will doe so: my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his  
West. Come, my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

*Prin.* Lead me, my Lord: I doe not need your helpe;  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

The Prince of Wales from such a  
Where stain'd nobilitie lies troden  
And rebels armes triumph in mal  
*Joh.* We breathe too long, come, c  
Our duetie this way lies: For God

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd  
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a  
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother Iol  
But now, I doe respect thee as my

*King.* I saw him holde Lord Perc  
With lustier maintenance then I di  
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

*Prin.* O, this boy lends metall to  
*Doug.* Another king, they grow  
I am the Douglas, fatall to all those

That weare those colours on them,  
That counterfetst the person of a ki

*King.* The king himself, who Doug  
So many of his shadowes thou hast

And not the very king: I haue two  
Seeke Percie and thy selfe about th  
But seeing thou fallest on me so luck

I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe  
*Doug.* I feare thou art another co  
And yet, in faith, thou bearest the  
But mine, I am sure, thou art, who

And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King being in dang*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head, vile Sec  
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spir  
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunr  
It is the Prince of Wales, that thro  
Who neuer promisseth, but he mea

*They fight, Doug*

Cheerely, my Lord, how fares you  
Sir Nicholas Gawsley hath for succe  
And so hath Clifton: ile to Clifton

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while